

# *Sketch*

---

*Volume 9, Number 2*

1942

*Article 20*

---

## Song Of An April Bride

Jean Davis\*

\*Iowa State College

Copyright ©1942 by the authors. *Sketch* is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).  
<http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch>

## Sonnet To A Straight-A Student

**Muriel Park**

Are you so busy, then, you haven't time  
To see the green of maples turn to gold?  
Nor lushness of the oak tree in its prime  
Before its brilliancy of red grows cold?

Are you so full of chi square deviations  
You cannot see brown spider's dangling thread?  
You tear it down unknowing; computations,  
Of random sampling filter through your head.

Are you so deep in "Der, die, das" and all  
You fail to glory in the wood-smoke smell  
Of burning leaves? What, then, to you is fall?  
A time to do your work, as always, well?

I'd give no price for all your knowing looks.  
You have to learn of fall by reading books.

---

## Song Of An April Bride

**Jean Davis**

I found a rabbit, moist with dew and small  
In silken grass, a quivering ball  
of dawn-gray silk.

One winter's end, by drifts of melting snow  
I watched a pale blue flower grow  
As soft as silk.

Trembling, I climbed a tired, deep-barked oak  
And bent above a nest to stroke  
A young hawk's down.

When spring was here, and birch leaves golden-green  
I sewed from froth of silken sheen  
A wedding gown.